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Neglected Arabia





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"If thou knewest the gift of God . . . thou wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water"

# NEGLECTED ARABIA

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# The Arabian Mission

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# Neglected Arabia

Missionary News and Letters

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## The Arabian Campaign Completed

REV. JAMES CANTINE, D.D.

It has been suggested that some account be written for Neglected Arabia of the campaign for \$25,000, which recently has been brought to a successful completion.

I suppose the idea itself was born of the debt, which has increasingly hampered the work of the Mission for several years. This debt had slowly mounted up to more than \$12,000, and was occasioning much hardship on the field as well as worry at home. Our twenty-fifth anniversary, coinciding with the furlough of one of the oldest missionaries, was considered a propitious time for focusing attention upon the needs of the Mission, and Dr. Zwemer was asked to come from Egypt and assist in an effort to put us on a sounder financial basis. The plan as approved comprised not only the raising of the debt, but also of a sum for needed dwellings and general extension, the whole amounting to \$25,000.

Dr. Zwemer arrived towards the end of July, and work was immediately begun in the West, taking advantage of the August and September Mission Fests, those very efficient methods of disseminating missionary knowledge and enthusiasm. The message from Arabia was heard at more than a dozen of these Fests, scattered over nearly all the extent of our Church field. Generally there was but one of us from Arabia on the platform with those representing the Home work and the other Mission Fields; but at certain points Dr. Zwemer would speak in Dutch and the writer in English. The financial returns from these gatherings were not a large factor in the total receipts, the usual procedure being to divide the collection between the Home and Foreign fields, and give Arabia its proportion of the latter; but they certainly did serve to fittingly introduce us and our plea to the different communities. On the Sunday after the Fest we would try to speak in as many of the neighboring churches as possible, following this up during the week with a speedy canvass in each one of them of from half a dozen to twenty members, whose names would be given us by the pastor

or consistory, as being those most likely to respond without curtailing their usual gifts. We seldom approached anyone who would not be likely to give at least \$10, and this in order to limit the number of those to be visited, and to derange as little as possible the regular routine of the Church's benevolence. That we were enabled to accomplish our task without the latter may be taken as proved by the fact that the regular income of both the larger Board and the Arabian Mission increased during the months of our effort. Some of these Western Churches in rich farming communities were able to respond very generously—at least two reaching well beyond the thousand-dollar mark, and several far into the hundreds. Always we were helped by a reference to our good beginning—a thousand dollars having been promised to Dr. Zwemer the day he landed, and the first town we visited, Zeeland, having subscribed a like sum in a couple hours' canvass.

Our purpose from the beginning was not to approach those communities not able to give liberally, and in at least three localities where we spoke at Mission Fests we made no attempt at all to raise money for our fund, always being guided by the advice of pastors and consistories. It might be of interest to know that all the churches approached in any way were less than fifty in number.

Several factors helped us greatly in the West. The bountiful harvest just being gathered in, the fact that the claims of Arabia had not been pressed for some time, and then the very successful publicity campaign carried on in the Church publications both East and West. Especial thanks are due to the *Volksvriend*, *De Hope* and *The Christian Intelligencer*.

At different places, notably Orange City, Iowa, a decided momentum was given to our enterprise through banquets attended by invited guests. Union meetings ending with the circulation of pledge cards, followed up by special committees, were the feature at several places. At Grand Rapids a great mass meeting in the Rescue Hall realized nearly \$2,000 in pledges.

I judge that over half the total sum was given west of Detroit. Our hearts have been greatly cheered by the practical interest shown by our brethren of the Christian Reformed Church, as well as by those of other denominations. In fact, some of our largest gifts were from friends outside our own body. The total of such gifts must be several thousand dollars. Outside of individuals who might not wish their names to be known, one could mention substantial offerings at Northfield, Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

Our first and most extensive efforts were put forth in the West—nearly six weeks in point of time—and comparatively little was attempted in the East. Rochester, Schenectady, Albany, Kingston, New Brunswick, Passaic, Paterson, Mt. Vernon and Yonkers were the cities which we tried to reach in some comprehensive way, and with somewhat of success. Comparatively little financial return, I think, has been realized from the general printed appeals sent out to the churches.



As I look back over the completed campaign, it is quite evident to me that its success was primarily due to Dr. Zwemer, to his large circle of friends who responded so very liberally to his personal appeal, to the interest awakened wherever it was known that he was to speak on questions relating to the Moslem world, to his tireless activity and perhaps, most of all, to his abundant faith.

Much credit is also due to Dr. Harrison, who took my place when I was called to the office in New York; to Mrs. Cantine, whose work among the women in our Western Churches was carried on at the same time as ours among the men, to the faithful efforts of Mr. Pennings and the hearty cooperation of our other missionaries. The thanks of all interested are due not only to the individual givers, many of whose names are known only to the Divine Treasurer above, but also to the officers of the Board, and to the other missionaries who have allowed Arabia at this time the "right of way."

A significant feature of the result is that not alone does it mean the raising of the debt, and the collection of a substantial sum for advance work now, but it also includes new annual subscriptions for the years to come; and best of all, we were given the promise of an increasing volume of prayer for the redemption of Arabia and its people, the children of Ishmael.

## A Great Task Finished

The Rev. Franklin E. Hoskins, D.D., of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, at Beirut, Syria, informs us of the completion of the Reference Bible in Arabic as follows. We think he will pardon the quotation of two paragraphs referring to his own personal experiences which are most graphic and reveal the spirit of consecration in which this work has been carried forward:

"Only those who have ever carried through such a piece of work will fully understand the relief which comes with the last proof page. The strain on one's brain has not decreased as the years have passed, especially during the last three years, because the strain of the whole world's work with its sin and sorrow and its need of redemption makes a greater load for every thinking Christian. In the beginning of the work I looked up and verified hundreds of the many references involved. But in the course of a few years I carried in my brain an increasingly larger collection which almost filled one's conscious thinking day and night. At times the weight of them, conscious and unconscious, seemed enough to crush the thinking power of that faculty. To feel that, as far as I am concerned, that weight is gone forever is a feeling of the most intense rest after toil that I have ever known.

The strain on my eyesight has been great, but I am thankful to feel that a good rest of some months will relieve the weariness that has been accumulating. One of the curious results has been that in traveling I have often been taken for a seafaring man. I have explained the expression about my eyes to myself and others by telling them that the long-continued necessity of examining closely the small characters

of the Arabic letter combination and vowel points has had the same effect upon the wrinkles about my eyes as upon the face of the mariner strained to detect small objects on the horizon.

But it is a joy unspeakable to have been allowed to have put my hand to this task and to have completed it."

#### A NEW ARABIC REFERENCE BIBLE

Yesterday, May 8, 1915, was the 99th anniversary of the founding of the American Bible Society. It brought to me the great joy and privilege of correcting the last proof page of the Reference Bible in Arabic, a task which has taxed eyes and nerves for nearly eight years and which has consumed one-fourth of the best part of my life as a missionary. It may not be a large event in the history of this big, busy world, but for me personally it means much and with God's blessing the completed task will mean more for all who reverence and study the Word of God in Arabic for decades to come.

The task has been a double one. The adaptation of a new set of References to the Arabic text and the putting the whole First Font Reference Bible into electroplates. The preparation of the MSS. has occupied exactly seven years. The making of the plates will be completed in six years.

The Mission vote recommending the undertaking was taken December 13, 1905, and the authorization of the American Bible Society through its Levant Agent, Dr. Bowen, of Constantinople, is dated April 27, 1906. A year went in preliminary study, correspondence as to size and form of the page and a consideration of the many details connected therewith. The actual writing of the MSS. for the References began February 10, 1908, and was completed exactly seven years later, on February 10, 1915. The first of the 1,424 electroplates was made in September, 1909, and the last will be ready in another month and the printing of the new IV Edition ready by September, 1915.

In close connection with this work and forming an extension of it has been the careful correction of all the plates of the various electroplate editions of the Bible in Arabic and parts of it.

One need not remind the careful student of Missions that this is only one of the big tasks in connection with the Arabic Bible, whose history extends from 1844 till the present hour. The fiftieth anniversary of the completed translation and publication of the First Edition of the Arabic Bible was due on May 10, 1915, but was passed unnoticed in any public way because of war conditions and in anticipation of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the American Bible Society, which will take place in 1916, when the work of Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck will come up for special review in that connection.

There is a special providence in the fact that this task has been brought to a close at this particular time when there is every probability of great changes within the Turkish Empire. If a period of reconstruction is about to begin we are sure that the whole matter of religious freedom will find a large place in the new era.—*Bible Society Record*.

## Reminiscences

MRS. ELEANOR TAYLOR CALVERLEY, M.D.

Very much as the college graduate looks back with fond remembrance upon the experiences of his college days, so the missionary on his first furlough thinks about those first years spent on the mission field. Never can another journey to the Orient compare with that first journey. How well I remember the thrill that I experienced at my first sight of Arabia, although our first glimpse was of the western coast many hundreds of miles from our own mission station on the Persian Gulf. The first view of a real, live caravan on the shores of Suez Canal, the first sight of a Moslem at prayer at the same place, the mingled scent of sandal wood, incense and many indescribable odors in the Indian bazaar brought an increasingly joyous realization that the dreams of years of preparation were coming true.

Then there were daily Arabic lessons on deck, with Dr. and Mrs. Cantine as our very patient teachers. We tried to learn the alphabet, and we did learn to say something resembling the Lord's prayer so that we might take some part in the devotions in the little chapel at Bahrein. Even better than all these things was the actual meeting with the missionaries, whose pictures we had studied and whose writings we had enjoyed for many a month. To be greeted on the streets of our stations by smiles on dark Arab faces and to be able to return the much-practiced salutation, "Alaykun es Salaam," made one feel that he was really beginning to be a missionary!

For two weeks after our arrival in Bahrein our little party, consisting of four "brand new" missionaries, sat through the sessions of our Annual Meeting and heard discussed questions of vast importance. How to take advantage of the opening doors of opportunity; how to make a dollar do the work of two; where to station the various missionaries that they might accomplish the best possible results; these were some of the subjects before which we felt very helpless and inexperienced.

There were social functions, too, during those two weeks. There was a donkey ride out into the desert, a surprise party on the birthday of one of our new missionaries, and there were evenings of singing around Mrs. Mylrea's piano. Never had our wonderful Christian hymns meant so much to us as they did when our little company sang them in the midst of a Moslem town. "Fling out the banner, let it float"—how wonderful it was to realize that to us had God given His banner to float above the thousand of Arabs who knew Him not.

After Annual Meeting was dismissed, and the steamers had carried away their little groups of missionaries to our various stations, we newcomers settled down to language study. Our good, faithful Armenian teacher had to divide his day into hours for each student. Oh, the struggles and discouragements of those first few weeks! Had we not seen before us the living example of our companions, who had mastered those dreadful gutturals, and who could read aloud in Arabic as

easily as in English, we might have been absolutely hopeless. Gradually, however, little rays of light began to sift through our dense ignorance—until we found we could occasionally understand a word or two of what we heard.

Bahrein has long been the principal home of our language students. There are numbers of houses in the town where the Arab women feel that the language students are their personal property. Mrs. Dykstra and Mrs. Mylrea took the three ladies of our party calling in many such houses. At first all we could do was to sit tailor-fashion on the floor and smile. After all, a smile is the same in all languages. Certain sentences were repeated so often that we could soon recognize them. We began to know when our hostesses were asking whether or not we were married, or how many children we had, and to understand their remarks, complimentary or otherwise, about our personal appearance or clothes. These Arab friends take great pride in teaching their foreign visitors the "language of the angels," and their pleasure is marked when they detect progress and are able to understand the first faltering sentences of their pupils.

Not the least of the lessons of these first days were those concerning the partaking of Arab refreshments. One learned to drink very black, bitter coffee, very sweet tea flavored with rose water, and to hold one's breath while swallowing a confection resembling chunks of axle grease—yes, even to take a second and third helping—and look pleasant the while. Do not despise this phase of the missionary's life. There is no better method of getting acquainted with those whom we would influence than by accepting their hospitality to the full and by offering our own hospitality in return. Thus friendships are formed, and these friendships blossom into opportunities for service: the ministry of friendship.

There was another lesson we learned from those visits in company with our more experienced companions. We learned how to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. We were taught how to carry with us into Moslem homes the little Testament and to find opportunities to read to our new friends about that best Friend of whom we longed to teach them.

Two years passed, and with them the language examinations—and they were no joke, either! Finally, on a never-to-be-forgotten day, we received our first appointment to active missionary work, and were sent out to preach the Gospel where it had never before been heard, to build on no other man's foundations. Real full-fledged missionaries at last, but with oh, so much more to learn!

Sometimes the work seemed almost hopeless as we realized the strength of that great rock, Islam. But the realization of our own weakness only brought added assurance of His strength. Then there were times when we felt we had been used, and no joy can compare with the knowledge that one has been used in the Kingdom. Sometimes the work seemed humdrum, after the newness had worn off. Months of isolation began to make us feel dull. Constant giving out of spiritual energy made us long for the inspiration of association with



large numbers of other Christians. Days and nights, punctuated only by the periodic Moslem calls to prayer, made us long for the sound of Christian Church bells. Thank God for the missionaries' furlough!

Ere many months have passed we shall be once more on our way to Arabia. There will be little of novelty in the journey, perhaps. There will be reunions with fellow missionaries whom we have learned to know and love. There will be no term of language study this time, but five solid years' work among people to whom we are no longer strangers. What may those years mean, by God's blessing! Our lot is truly an enviable one—and it's better farther on!

## Heroism at Sheikh Othman

### *A Memorable Week in the History of the Mission*

Sheikh Othman, the scene of our mission work in Arabia, was recently attacked by Turkish and Arab forces. The few British troops in it were obliged to retire, but reoccupied the town some days later. The scenes accompanying the operations are thus vividly described in letters from the Rev. Dr. J. C. Young:—

On Sunday, 4th July, Dr. MacRae had promised to preach the twenty-third anniversary sermon of the first of our Church services in Aden, but about 3.30 P.M. I got a telephone message to say that as he had so many men in the house suffering from heat stroke he could not get in to preach.

After service, during which Lahej could be seen blazing and shells bursting over it, I motored out to Sheikh Othman, accompanied by Miss Bryce, who came with me despite many invitations to stay at Steamer Point and not venture into the danger zone.

Arrived at Sheikh Othman we found Dr. MacRae hard at work attending to the soldiers. Soon Miss Bryce was at her task and helping the doctor in the thousand little ways that only a thoroughly-trained, whole-hearted nurse knows, as well as cheering and encouraging the men.

Seeing them settled, I took Captain Lloyd, R.A.M.C., over to the hospital, and having cleared out all our patients from the ground flat I put that at his disposal, and told him that if necessary the upper flats were also his. When all was fixed I got home and had food served for all three, as by that time both Dr. MacRae and Miss Bryce were tired out.

While taking this, about 11.30 P.M., I received a telephone message to attend the funeral of a Presbyterian soldier at 8 A.M. next morning. As all was going well and Dr. MacRae would not leave one of the men till he was out of danger, I lay down to rest at 12.30. At 2.30 A.M. I got up and relieved him, as he was thoroughly worn out. He took my place on the solitary stretcher that was available. At 4 A.M. I got off the motor lorry with a dead body and three or four partially recovered men, at the same time sending in some boxes and



things that could be removed from the nurses' bungalow and from our own. At 7 P.M. I took three soldiers into the Base Hospital on my car, then hastened back to the hospital at Sheikh Othman. Here, however, I got a telephone message from the Assistant Director of Medical Supplies to come in and take over charge of the European Hospital, etc., at Aden, so as to relieve the medical officer there. Throwing some clothes into a suit-case I was taken in by a friend whose motor was being used by the Government to bring out supplies and take back those who were ill; and thus I was able to leave my car for Dr. MacRae and Miss Bryce, who came in on Monday night.

On Tuesday they returned to save the instruments, drugs, etc. All day they worked hard, and saved all the instruments and most of the other things belonging to the hospital. On Wednesday they were also



DR. ALEXANDER MacREA IN THE OPERATING ROOM OF THE SHEIKH OTHMAN HOSPITAL

able to save many of the things out of the two bungalows, although not the furniture, dishes, etc., which had to be left where they were.

Of their heroism in going back time after time beyond the lines and in passing through the streets of Sheikh Othman while the mob was looting the shops and burning the houses, I can only speak with the greatest admiration, while I warmly thank them for saving not only the hospital furniture but also many of my books and some of the home treasures which every one gathers.

Tied as I was to my duties in the European General Hospital, it was impossible for me to get out to Sheikh Othman, and therefore all the praise for salving the hospital belongs to them.

Of course their common danger and their common work threw them more into one another's company, and made each of them realize the

other's worth, so that the whole station rejoiced on Sunday night when it became known that they were engaged.

Then a remarkable thing happened. On Sunday night Dr. MacRae went on board the steamer to see his fiancée off, as she had been asked by the Government to accompany troops bound for British East Africa. Next morning the vessel was still at its moorings, and news came that the ship's doctor had died during the night and that Dr. MacRae was wanted to take his place; as he was without work here he was glad to go for the voyage as ship's surgeon, and so accompanied Miss Bryce to Mombasa.



THE KEITH-FALCONER HOSPITAL AT SHEIKH OTHMAN

Our troops re-entered Sheikh Othman on Wednesday morning. I went out in the afternoon to see what damage had been done to mission property, and I am glad to be able to say that there has been little, if any, to the buildings.

Unfortunately, however, the house occupied by Dr. MacRae and myself is on the main road at its junction with the branch road to the Salt Works and the Distillery Road. As soon, therefore, as they arrived the Turks took possession of it and of all my Persian rugs, skins, curios, and mementoes gathered during twenty-three years in Aden. Needless to say, they looked upon these things as lawful prizes and sent them to the rear as legitimate spoil. When they were forced to retire they smashed the furniture, which they had to leave behind, tore up my books, broke the large vases, twisted the iron beds, and did not leave a single thing undamaged in the whole house. A beautiful organ

which the late Mrs. P. Mackinnon gave to Dr. MacRae was split open, apparently with an axe, and all the notes torn out, while the scene in his room beggars description; though, strange to say, they left his pictures intact after breaking the glasses of them all.

Apparently the enemy was well aware of all our movements, and at 2 A.M. began to pour into our lines rifle fire from their outposts. Retiring before our column they held each line of trenches as long as they could, till they came to our house, which was most strongly held. Watching the battle from Steamer Point, I could see flash after flash come from the roof of my house and from the front verandah where the sharpshooter lay who killed the two young officers as they were leading on their men.

With the taking of our bungalow resistance practically ceased and both Turks and Arabs fled, escaping through sheer agility and lack of those encumbrances that British soldiers carry. Of course the Aden troops followed, and proved themselves worthy of the splendid name they have always borne; but what could eighty men do against the hordes opposed to them except hasten their retreat, and this they did, hanging on their flanks as long as they were able.

About five miles out one of the British officers was rendered *hors de combat* with a bullet through his leg that splintered the bone, but still they clung to the foe till the Field Artillery came up and shelled the little clumps of men wherever they got them, till the sand made further progress impossible.

Yesterday I got a note from an Arab saying that in order to save the property left in the nurses' bungalow he had had it all removed into his own house, just across the road, as he felt sure it would be safe in his house, although certain to be plundered if left where it was.

Thus once more it would seem as if woman's work had won its way into hearts that even the physician's skill had failed to reach.—*Record of Mission Work of the United Free Church of Scotland.*

## Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy of India, Comes to Kuwait

C. STANLEY G. MYLREA, M.D.

It was a perfect winter morning that ushered in the last day of January—the sun was shining in the bluest of blue skies, and the azure waters of the bay were rippling gently\* to the caress of a light breeze. All Kuwait was agog with excitement—the beach was crowded with men, women and children of all classes of society—every one awaited eagerly the coming of the great steamer which would bring to Kuwait for the first time in its history a Viceroy of India, the man who in this part of the world represents King George the Fifth, the Emperor of India.

At about 10 A.M. H.M.S. Northbrook steamed majestically into the harbor and dropped her anchor, and almost at once H.M.S. Dalhousie, which had come in the day before to receive the Northbrook,

began firing the royal salute of 31 guns. Fitfully and spasmodically this salute was responded to by the antiquated muzzle-loading guns of Sheikh Mubarek—three guns would be fired almost simultaneously and then there would be a lull of several minutes while the gunners loaded up again. Judging by the manner in which these gunners—a man and a small boy—jumped away from their pieces as soon as they had applied the fuse, they did not consider their job an altogether safe one. As a matter of fact, these guns do blow up now and again and kill people, but I am glad to be able to say that on this particular occasion the firing of the royal salute was not marred by any accident. In addition to the Northbrook and the Dalhousie, the British India steamer *Kasara* was also in the harbor, having arrived shortly before the Northbrook. On board of her was Sir Percy Cox, the Chief Political Officer of the Persian Gulf. To complete the scene, the Sheikh's yacht, gay with bunting, and H.M.S. *Mashona*, a small despatch vessel, flitted hither and thither on various errands. On shore the flagstuffs of the British Political Agency and of the Sheikh's Palace were fully dressed with all the flags they could carry, while on a few of the more important sites of the town triumphal arches had been erected.

The day being Sunday, His Excellency did nothing after receiving a visit of welcome from Sheikh Jabr (the eldest son of Sheikh Mubarek) and Lt. Colonel W. G. Grey, the British Political Agent of Kuwait, except land in the afternoon and take a stroll out toward the eastern end of the town.

The first official ceremony took place on Monday morning, when at 11 o'clock Sheikh Mubarek visited Lord Hardinge on board the Northbrook. He was accompanied by Sheikh Abdallah, of Bahrein, who had come over to represent his father, Sheikh Isa, the Chief of Bahrein. During this visit Sheikh Mubarek was invested by the Viceroy with the order of K.C.S.I., or Knight Commander of the Star of India, Lord Hardinge saying, as he made the presentation, "This is a token of regard from the King Emperor in grateful recognition of your loyal co-operation and efforts to preserve order and quiet in his dominions." Sheikh Abdallah of Bahrein was then decorated with the order of C.I.E., or Companion of the Indian Empire, and in his case also the Viceroy accompanied the presentation with a few words of greeting. In connection with this latter order it is interesting to note that the Rev. Dr. James Carruthers Rhea Ewing, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Principal of the Forman Christian College, Lahore, Punjab, India, is also a recipient at this New Year, and in the official gazette of the London Times the names of Sheikh Abdallah and Dr. Ewing occur side by side. The investiture was private, I am sorry to say, being attended only by the Political Officers of the Persian Gulf and the members of the Viceroy's staff. After the investiture the two Sheikhs were received in turn privately in the Viceroy's cabin.

At 2.30 P.M. the Viceroy returned the visit, landing at the Sheikh's Palace, on the steps of which Sheikh Mubarek was waiting to receive him, and himself conducted Lord Hardinge to the Durbar Room, his staff of Arabs following in procession. The state visit lasted half an



hour, and coffee, that emblem of Arab hospitality, was served. The viceregal party then changed their clothes in the palace, for they were all in full uniform, and were taken through the bazaar on a sort of sightseeing trip, returning from thence to the British Political Agency for tea. The Sheikh's motor-car and carriages accompanied the party, so that the Viceroy might ride some or all of the way should he so wish.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that Mrs. Mylrea and myself were privileged to meet Lord Hardinge. He was resting privately in the drawing-room with Colonel Grey, while every one else was having tea in the dining-room. Like most real aristocrats, he is just a quiet, straightforward gentleman, who never for a moment assumes the least air of superiority over you, but chats with you on equal terms on subjects that he knows will interest you. He asked for our opinion of the Sheikh and the people, and then went on to say how much he believed in medical work in the Orient. He told us how fond of medical missions his late wife (Lady Hardinge) had been, and how she had specially interested herself in founding a medical college for the native women of India. The scheme was already flourishing, and he thought would do a great work. He added that he was looking forward to seeing our hospital the next day. In the dining-room we had already met Sir J. H. DuBoulay, K.C.I.E., the Viceroy's private secretary. He asked what mission we represented, and seemed somewhat impressed when told of the strength of the Dutch churches in the United States of America. Another prominent man that we were introduced to was Sir Valentine Chirol, sometime correspondent of the Times of London.

On Tuesday morning the Viceroy motored far up the western shore of the bay and inspected the Sheikh's coaling station and the adjacent ground. On his return from this trip he inspected our hospital. It was a great pleasure to be able to show him everything. He was especially taken with the operating-room, and said he thought we had done wonders. He asked if the furniture and fittings of the operating-room were not American, and when I said "Yes," he replied, "I thought so—so simple and yet so good." He wrote in our Visitors' Book—"I wish this undertaking good luck and Godspeed," signing himself Hardinge of Penshurst. As we left the hospital to walk up to the house his private surgeon, by whom he was accompanied, Lt. Colonel Sir J. R. Roberts, K.C.I.E., put an envelope into my hand, saying, "This is a small donation from the Viceroy Sahib." I afterward found it to contain a check for three hundred rupees, a welcome gift in these hard times. He did not stay in the house long, but found time to make a few inquiries and to congratulate us on being able to be our own architects, engineers and builders.

H.M.S. Northbrook sailed at 2.30 P.M., en route for Busrah, and thus ended the visit of the Governor General of India and her dependencies—Lord Hardinge of Penshurst.

This visit undoubtedly marks one more milestone on the road which will lead eventually to the civilization and Christianization of the Arab. Kuwait is now a British protectorate, with all the privileges of a dependency of the British Empire—penny postage to any part of the Empire and halfpenny postage to any part of India and the countries



which come under the administration of India, such as Aden, Siam, Burmah, the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf, and the Shatt-el-Arab as far up as Busrah and, we hope, Baghdad. It is probable that the Turk will no longer have dominion in our part of Arabia, and with his departure disappears one more obstacle to the work of Christian missions. Kuwait no longer flies the Crescent and Star of Turkey, but a plain red flag, with the word "Kuwait" embroidered upon it in white letters. The waning crescent of Islam sheds but little light in this country—all is darkness, gross darkness. May the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings soon rise, never again to set.

## Sidelights on Arab Character

PAUL W. HARRISON, M.D.

To know the real Arab he must be studied away from the towns. In them some are very rich, some very poor, and all are exposed to the corruptions of incoming Western civilization. Gambling is common, even drinking not unknown, and perhaps worst of all religious faith, which is the backbone of his moral strength, is often undermined. It is the traveller inland who sees Arabs "as they are."

With all our boasted civilization, we may well take lessons from the "heathen Arab" on hospitality. I have been in many Arab houses, rich and poor. Not a few times I have been entertained by Arabs who had never seen a white man before. I have been the guest of Shiahs and Wahabees, but the best that the house afforded has, I think, always been mine. I have been the only guest, and at other times I have been one of many. I have helped eat out of a small dish of rice, perhaps the size of a dinner plate, and I have also thrust my five fingers, along with the other guests, into a great mountain of good rice, in which a whole boiled sheep was quite decently interred. The uniform delight, perhaps I ought to say enthusiasm, taken in providing for a guest, is a really beautiful thing. What hospitality means, the Arab taught me.

I learned, too, something of what the virtue of cheerfulness might be, and this principally from the desert Bedouin. It is really astonishing to see such an unquenchably cheerful individual, and under such circumstances. He lives in a simple tent, and a patch-work affair it is. He is scorched by the sun in summer and chilled by the cold in winter. He rarely has enough to eat, frequently not enough to drink, and probably never in his life was he decently clothed. His tent is a chaos of disorder and dirt, and his clothing and hair shelter flourishing communities of "visible bacteria." But with it all, he is an incurable optimist. His misfortunes roll off like water from a duck's back and leave his cheerful and irresponsible spirit quite unquenched. Did not God ordain it so? Can a man by worry escape what is "written on his forehead?" Possibly the chief's daughter or his son may be married soon, and there will be such a feast as is recorded in Arabian Nights. In any event, "if God wills," no one will starve. And apparently no one ever does.



DR. PAUL W. HARRISON IN ARABIAN COSTUME

The Bedouin is a good loser. Last week his neighbors raided the tribe and stole all his sheep and camels. The owner was shot in the leg and comes to the far-famed hospital for treatment. However, he wastes no emotional nerve-energy in resentment. "Oh! that is nothing," he explains, with a smile that shows all his teeth. "Just as soon as I get out of here we will raid somebody else, and be richer than ever." Riches have even more wings than usual, in Arabia.

And, like all the rest of the world, the Arab loves his children intensely. They are petted and almost always more or less spoiled. But love is a beautiful thing wherever it is manifested. I remember an old patriarch who brought his only son twenty to thirty days' journey to the hospital. It was one of the most painful duties I ever had to perform, to tell that devoted old father that his son's condition was quite hopeless. I remember well how bitterly disappointed he was, but all he said was "We will go back to-morrow. Praise be to God under all circumstances."

The Arab is ignorant and bigoted. He is indeed at times quite a barbarian, but a little acquaintance with him reveals not only the wonderful qualities of our common humanity, but beyond that, virtues which we of the self-satisfied West will do well to imitate.

## A New Volume by Dr. Zwemer

E. W. MILLER

"Childhood in the Moslem World," the latest book written by Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, is certain to attract wide attention. The subject itself is strongly appealing. The make-up of the book is attractive. Its fifty and more illustrations of child-life from all parts of the Moslem world, one of which accompanies this article, lure one on from chapter to chapter and make it almost impossible to lay down the volume.

Though the book is about children it is by no means designed for children. It assumes an adult reader of more than average intelligence. Its discussion moves freely over the whole Moslem world and touches upon every important political and intellectual movement therein. The book reveals the author's long familiarity with the various aspects of Mohammedan life and his wide acquaintance with the literature on the subject. But he did not rely upon the general information which he possessed upon matters Mohammedan in writing this book. The pictures that add so much to the interest of the volume and some of its freshest material were obtained by correspondence with other missionaries in various parts of the Moslem world. Dr. Zwemer has thus assembled a cloud of witnesses to the truth of his main contention that the domestic and social conditions fostered by Mohammedanism blight and pervert childhood, and poison the stream of life near its source.

The heart of the Christian world is very tender toward the child. Innocent, suffering childhood makes the strongest possible appeal to



PICTURE OF NOAH'S ARK

This was published as a large wall chromo in colours and extensively sold in Cairo. It represents Noah, with the Prophet's veil, and his sons. The artist had difficulty in finding room for all the animals even with the peacock perched on the mast and the serpent with his head through the porthole.



PICTURE OF THE SACRIFICE OF ISHMAEL BY ABRAHAM  
AND HIS RESCUE

Moslems believe that it was not Isaac who was to be offered, and that an angel brought the ram from the thicket. In commemoration of this event a great Moslem feast is held every year, and sacrifices are made not only at Mecca but in every part of the Moslem world.

Illustrations from "CHILDHOOD IN THE MOSLEM WORLD."



our sympathy and help. Dr. Zwemer has adroitly taken advantage of this fact to reveal the weakness of Mohammedan morals at the point of its most harrowing manifestation. If Mohammedanism creates conditions that degrade the home-life, that sicken and sadden, pollute and deprave the child and deprive it of its right to wholesome intellectual and moral development, then Mohammedanism is a menace to the higher life of the world. Whatever theoretic excellencies it may possess it cannot offer much for the betterment of humanity.

Dr. Zwemer's book is really an indictment of the ethical system which has grown out of the Koran and Mohammedan tradition, and an exposure of the consequently low morals of the Mohammedan world. He draws sharply and mercilessly the contrast between the teaching and life of Christ and those of the Prophet of Islam, and illustrates the results of this contrast in the pitiful conditions of womanhood and childhood in Moslem lands. His argument is conducted on lines so broad and in a spirit so sympathetic that it sustains interest and carries conviction. The many friends of Dr. Zwemer in this country will welcome the appearance of this addition to his rapidly growing list of volumes, and will be interested to know that it is already being translated into Dutch and Danish. It is published by Revell & Co., and may be obtained from our Board of Publication. \$1.50.





## The Opinion of an Expert

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New York City, Aug. 11, 1915.

REV. E. E. CALVERLEY  
New York City.

DEAR MR. CALVERLEY:

I am glad to have your letter of August 10th and remember our conversation in regard to Arabia. In my opinion, "*Arabia is the most difficult of the mission fields in which Protestant missionaries are now working.*" The heat of the climate, the primitive mode of living, the difficulties of travel, the distance from the base of supplies, the fanaticism and ignorance of the people, and the fact that the country is almost wholly under the control of native chiefs, not under civilized governments, are all hindrances to freedom in preaching the Gospel of Christ. In view of these and other obstacles, the progress of the Arabian Mission during the past twenty-five years is noteworthy, and the heroism of the men and women who have gone out into this field is inspiring to Christians at home."

With best wishes to your wife and yourself,

Very sincerely yours,

D. L. PIERSON.\*

\* Editor of the Missionary Review of the World.

*Printed*







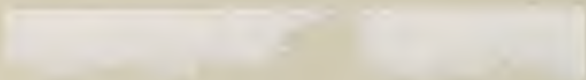
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